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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

MUST CONSERVE FOR SAFETY

With, as is estimated, a billion bushel wheat crop, America will be in shape to feed her allies and her armies all right, and this without going on a wheatless basis after the new crop is available. This country requires about 400,000,000 bushels of wheat for all purposes including seed. Placing this year's crop below the present estimate, or at 900,000,000 bushels, this would leave us over and above our own needs 500,000,000 bushels for export. Allowing 100,000,000 bushels for seed and reducing the American consumption to one-fourth the normal would increase the quantity available for export in round numbers, to 700,000,000 bushels. The population of England, France and Italy totals about 123,000,000. It will be seen from this that with a 700,000,000 bushel surplus crop we could send to each of the above named countries five bushels of wheat for each person and have nearly 100,000,000 bushels to help out the neutral countries. This is more wheat than those countries consume under normal conditions, and hence with conservation as the basis and Americans using one-fourth of normal, would leave a handsome surplus after our allies are fully supplied. This surplus it will be well to accumulate, and more with it if possible, for 1919 may be a lean year and make demands on us we might be able to meet. One more year should see the situation permanently improved, for by that time there should be such an increase in the mercantile fleet as to permit the shipping of Argentine, Australian and Indian wheat to the world's markets. Argentina has a big surplus of wheat now, and should add largely to it this year. There never has been a shortage of wheat since the war started, only a shortage of ships to carry it to the markets where it is wanted. However the only plan is to play dead safe by conserving wheat products while we have them, and taking no chances.

FOOD SHARPS MUST WAKE UP

It is charmingly frank, the admission of Food Administrator Ayer, that "wheat substitutes will be cheaper when the big corporations have disposed of the big stocks they laid in at high prices." At the same time it looks as though the administrator was standing in with the big firms to prevent them losing any money on their speculative venture. That is what it was, the big firms buying with the expectation of prices going higher than they are or were, and as the big fellows out guessed themselves to some degree the intention apparently is to help them out of the hole. It is a good thing for them but it is making the consumer pay the price. However there is no disposition to kick against this, but the big fellows want to be chary about doing any speculating in food stuffs hereafter, for they are liable to be left holding the sack, with Uncle Sam fixing prices on substitutes as well as on the articles for which they are substituted. Consumers are paying much higher prices for substitutes than they would have to pay for the wheat products, and it is difficult for them to understand why corn products should cost them more than those of wheat when the latter is almost double the former in price in the grain. We are in this war to win and will make any and all sacrifices necessary to do it, but while doing this the food administration wants to get a move on and see to it that no person or firm is getting rich off the people's sacrifices.

Marconi signalled the letter "S" from England to New Foundland, December 12, 1901. That was the first wireless intelligence sent a cross the Atlantic. The discovery has come into universal use in the sixteen years since, and not only the "S" is sent, but the S. O. S. is of daily occurrence from all sections of the ocean these days.

The unconquerable spirit of the French is shown in their precautionary steps providing for the civil evacuation of Paris—should it become necessary. They might lose their city, but if so will not even consider any other proposition than a fight to a finish, and resistance to the end.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
ALL THE THIRD LIBERTY BONDS ARE NOW
HERE.
THOSE INTERESTED PLEASE CALL
AT THE BANK

UP TO CITY DWELLERS

It is claimed a large part of the Hood River strawberry crop was lost through scarcity of pickers. This is indeed a misfortune, and city folks will be the ones to feel the loss of such crops, for the folks in Hood River and other places where the berries are grown no doubt put up enough for their own use. City folks had better wake up to the fact that if they refuse to help harvest the crops they are likely to go hungry. The farmer has done his part in growing the crop and harvesting such of it as he can. He will keep enough for himself and his family and the city dweller is the fellow who will have to go hungry if anyone does. Not a pound of food stuffs should be allowed to go to waste for lack of help to harvest it. If we cannot go to the front it is our duty to do anything and everything we can to take care of the crops and to see to it that there is plenty not only for our boys in France, but for our allies and for the families and folks of the soldier boys.

While the Prussian officers were encouraging the fraternizing of their soldiers with those of Russia before the collapse of the Kerenski government, they looked at only one side of the movement. The idea was to make the Russian soldier discontented with his government and thus cause its downfall. The scheme worked all right, but at the same time the Prussian soldier was learning many things as to the bolsheviki movement and the result is that while the Prussians, afflicted with political smallpox, so to speak, were exposing the Russians to it, most of them were at the same time exposed to the bolsheviki itchski, and contracted it. The result is that these soldiers returning to Germany and being converted are preaching these doctrines to their own people, and apparently with a measure of success that is at least annoying to their officers and the kaiser's government.

Henry Ford has decided to enter the senate, for with the nomination on one or both tickets he will be certain of election. To the man who keeps in touch with public services, putting Ford in the senate is a grave mistake. He is too valuable a man to the country in the industrial service to be lost among the human phonographs in the senate. Ford will chafe his life out over the dilatoriness he will meet everywhere in the senate, because he is used to doing things off-hand and without countless precious days being wasted in silly discussion of an admitted necessity. If he can inject some of his own direct methods into the conducting of senatorial business his loss to the industrial world would be in part compensated.

Jermiah O'Leary, Irish agitator and paid German agent in this country, is now on his way to prison, and if turned over to Great Britain will be hanged as he richly deserves to be. O'Leary will be remembered as president of a pro-German organization known as the American Truth Society which was active in the last presidential campaign in the support of Hughes and the vilification of Wilson. The president, not long before election, on receipt of an insulting, threatening telegram from O'Leary said in answer that he did not want the votes of men such as he and would not consider it an honor to be elected by them.

Austria has liberated the Poles, and thus offered them an opportunity to join her armies and help turn the country over to the kaiser definitely by overcoming his enemies, but if she only knew it, Austria's friends.

History tells us "the reformation began in Germany in 1517." Considering the length of time it has been going on it would seem that it has not traveled fast or gone far, for it is a long ways from complete.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

DIGGING UP

Oh, chee, it is a splendid thing to see our hard-earned scads take wing! We're called on, every week or four, to dig up coin, and then some more, to buy some bonds, or help Red Cross, and joyfully we dig the dross. With other causes growing lax, we're asked to pony up a tax, or help the Belgians or the Serbs, or buy the starving Russ some herbs. We used to snarl like Thomas Cat, when some one came and passed the hat; we'd frown and make a nasty speech about the daughter of the leech. But now we spring no snarls or groans when we're asked to snarl the bones. We dig up all the plunks on hand, and say, "The cause is truly grand, and we must bitterly regret we can't do more, already yet." Our dollars are no longer gods; we find it great to slip our wads. Of course some tightwads still survive, but they're ashamed that they're alive. No longer do they strut in pride because they've fortunes multiplied; they see in every glance disdain, and every hour brings them a pain. Their ranks grow smaller every day; they learn to shoo the wealth away. Great James! It is a noble thing, to see the treasured scads take wings, to have the vanish from our view, and think of all the good they'll do!



WALT MASON

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

THE PORTRAIT IS HUNG.

CHAPTER CVI
Without saying anything to me George invited Madge Loring and her husband, also Julia Collins to come and spend the evening. To see the picture when he told me at dinner I started to speak sharply, then caught myself and said: "Shall we have a little supper prepared?"

"Yes, have something nice."
"Yet me see, these will be just six Madge and her husband, you and Mrs. Collins, Mr. Gray and myself. I will tell Mary." I had purposely paired him off with Mrs. Collins.

Merton came, first. He was so unexpectantly glad to see me, that I responded more warmly than was wise perhaps. George had not yet come down stairs so I received him alone. But we had time for only a few words before the rest came and George came down to greet them.

They made a great fuss over the portrait, and really it was lovely. George seemed so proud of it, so anxious that it should be hung so that every feature would show to the best advantage that I too commenced to feel a pride in it.

When it finally was hung to please George it was ten o'clock and we adjourned to the dining room. The table was beautifully laid for six—I had given Mary careful instructions, and had also told James to be most particular I think they both understood that when these friends of my husband's were with us I was more anxious that everything should go right than at any other time.

A Repetition.

"Madge and Loring, you and me, Mrs. Collins and Mr. Gray," Mrs. Collins said laughingly as we went out in couples.

"That's exactly the speech Mrs. Howard made when I told her you were coming," George interjected.

"Evidently they are both of the same mind as to who is who," Latham Loring said in his cynical way. A way that always implied so much, and left me feeling uncomfortable.

"You mean as to the proper pairing off," his wife added. "Don't try to blush Julia, we all know you have been in love with George for years! And an artist is always supposed to fall in love with his model, isn't he, Mr. Gray?"

"I believe so," Merton said so gravely we all laughed, then George said: "You flatter me, Madge. Julia, you should have told me of this love you have hidden for years."

The light banter at which we all laughed took all serious meaning from what had been said. Yet I could not help but feel that Madge Loring really meant it, and that she had meant to hurt me. Afterward it often came to my mind; that speech of hers when she had declared that Julia Collins had loved George for years. I had felt from the very first that there was more than just friendship in her feeling for him, and in his for her.

They left about midnight, all voting they had had a lovely evening, even if it were informal.

After they left George and I returned to the portrait.

"It is lovely, Helen. I am very proud of it," George said as we stood before it.

"It flatters me."
"No, I don't think so. You are very pretty, dear. If you take the proper care of yourself, the proper exercise to keep your figure, you will be a very beautiful woman. But a good deal depends on yourself."

Evelyn laughs at Helen.
I told Evelyn what Mrs. Loring had said.

"Old cat! I wouldn't mind her if I were you."
"I can't help minding, Evelyn. I am young and uninteresting," some of the bitterness I felt crept into my voice in spite of my effort to speak carelessly.

"I am afraid I never shall be, just as George wants me to be. And I so long to please him."
"My what a dolorous voice. I do believe you are just as much in love with him as I am with Kurt, even if you don't make so much fuss over him. And what difference does it make if Julia Collins is in love with him, as long as he cares nothing for her! Merton Gray is madly in love with you. Has been ever since he met you. But so long as you don't love him in return it can't hurt either you or George."

"Do be sensible, Evelyn. The idea that Mr. Gray cares for me is ridiculous. He is a charming man, a good friend—I hope, but nothing else."
"I know better! He is really in love with you, Helen. Kurt says he has known him always, and that Merton never has really cared for any woman. I didn't tell Kurt that he was in love with you. Men are so blind about those things, he never would dream of such a thing."
"Thank God he is blind if he would think he saw anything but friendship!" I said so hastily she laughed merrily. (Tomorrow—An Old Married Woman)

LITTLE TALKS ON THRIFT

By S. W. STRAUS
President American Society for Thrift



Soldiers who have been in the trenches testify to the ennobling effects of the battle field. The man who dares his life for a great ideal is a better creature than ever he could have been otherwise. It is the soldier's sublime unselfishness that produces the uplifting effect. In a modified way, those who remain at home will be uplifted through the same processes of unselfishness. The mothers and fathers and others who suffer the silent sorrows of separation from their boys are learning these great lessons. And through the practices of unselfishness in a less acute but none the less sincere manner, substantially all our citizens are being lifted to higher levels. The tremendously popular success of the Third Liberty Loan and the widespread sale of the Thrift Stamps are splendid tributes to the unselfishness of the citizens of America. With many of us thrift is the only medium through which we can dis-

A CHANCE FOR SMOKE

Seattle, Wash., June 15.—Sounds fishy, but it's an honest to goodness fact. Ed Tobacco and Second Tobacco, from Durham, Wash., walked into Red Cross headquarters here yesterday and signed up for full membership. Five minutes later Mrs. Orta Smoke, from Eagle Lake, Wash., flattered in. Mrs. Smoke is superintendent of Red Cross distribution there.

TWO ARE OFF COAST

New York, June 15.—Two enemy submarines are still off the Virginia capes, according to marine information here today. The British steamer Anchor was shelled by a U-boat in those waters Thursday, but escaped. On the evening of that day the British freighter Kooman was attacked, also escaping.

36,436 BUILD SHIPS.

Portland, Ore., June 15.—Figures announced today show that 36,436 men are employed in the shipyards of the Oregon district. This is an advance of 4,436 over figures announced recently. With additions due soon the number will advance with bounds. It is estimated the shipbuilders pay roll amounts to \$41,925,000 annually in this district.

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

Pre-natal Instruction of Mothers.

Pro-Natal Instruction of Mothers.
We have only begun to consider the question of disease as the result of the terrible war in which all the world is now engaged. We see how it has not only slaughtered millions of men, but has depopulated country after country. We can as yet scarcely realize the ghastly effect it has had upon communities where the civil population is worn and weakened with woe and anxiety, and where there is, and will continue to be, hunger, thirst and nakedness. Is there any power in medicine or sanitation which will stay it? Will there be doctors and grave diggers enough to go around? The mind reels at the prospect. The men who are being killed and invalidated are the virile, the active, the reproducers. But suppose there was a chance for reproduction; the women are filled to the brim with hatred, bitterness, with suffering of every description—what is the chance for their unborn offspring? What will be their inevitable inheritance, physically and mentally? Only recently has the importance of instructing expectant mothers in the hygiene of pregnancy been recognized as part of the duty of the Health Department. What duty could more positively be paramount? No observant farmer needs to be told that his stock will bear better offspring if they are well cared for when pregnant, than if they are neglected or abused. Why should there be a different result when the pregnant female is a woman? From the moment a woman enters the pregnant state, she enters a new condition of being, physiological, it is true, but as liable to mishaps and derangement as the performance of any other function—digestion or assimilation, for instance. The mother shares her blood current with her unborn child, and whatever it contains is contributed to the child's life. An unhealthy mother in body, mind, or morals, cannot help impressing upon her child more or less of her peculiarities. Wherefore, disease or emotional shock, or strain, of any kind, is quickly communicated to her child, often with a fatal result. A pregnant woman should realize not only that she is carrying a child which is going to belong to her, but also to the state and to the world. If she has this feeling, she will try very hard to take proper care of herself. At her daily task she will spare herself as much as possible for the sake of her child; she will eat food that can be readily digested so that her child will have its proper share; she will try to get plenty of sleep; she will try to avoid worry, and exposure to wet and cold; she will not give way to anger, fear and hatred; and she will often consider that she is the only protector her child can have while she is carrying him within her body. If women would realize this sacred trust, how much more they would get from this most beautiful of all physiological conditions, and they would bring into the world children who would not be handicapped by an inheritance which would cripple them more or less for life. Pitiably, indeed, is the lot of the war baby, with all that is included in the thought; and how thankful American women, who are pregnant, should be that they have been spared many of the ills which their less fortunate sisters, abroad, have had to bear!

Questions and Answers

X.R.—Is it possible to cure a fibroid tumor of the abdomen by means of X-rays?
Answer—I think I may say positively that it is not. The only successful way of treating them, as I have found in a long surgical experience, is by removing them.
Mrs. C. E. D.—Is rheumatism sometimes referred to as "growing pains"?
Answer—It is possible; but if that is the case, it is incorrect. I doubt if there is any such thing as "growing pains."